

ANC.

JUMBO COMICS

10¢

No. 111
MAY

FICTION HOUSE
52
Pages
MAGAZINES



SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN,
in "BEWARE the
Witch-Man's Brew"

A.N.C.

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SHEENA, JUNGLE QUEEN,
in "BEWARE the
Witch-Man's Brew"

The Big

OF THE COMICS!

**EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!**

ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-25TH



ON SALE-1ST



**Why
Guess?
Get the
Best!**



ON SALE-1ST

ON SALE-5TH



ON SALE-10TH

**LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!**



A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

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NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 112, JUNE) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND MAY 1st.

By W.
MORGAN
THOMAS

SHEENA

Queen of the Jungle

WHAT SINISTER MYSTERY SHROUDED THE AGE-OLD RITES OF NTUMBA? WHY WERE THE OLD AND WRINKLED IN BODY BANISHED TO A LINGERING DOOM AT THE KRAAL OF THE DEAD? TO DISCOVER THESE ANSWERS, THE JUNGLE QUEEN AND HER MATE GLIDED SWIFTLY OVER THEIR TREE-ROUTE, AS...



BUT, SHEENA,
DO YOU THINK
CHIEF J'RUNO
WILL LISTEN
TO YOU?

I KNOW
NOT, BOB.
YET SOME-
HOW I MUST
SHOW HIM
THE EVIL OF
SUCH RITES!

DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, FORCING THOSE OLDER NATIVES TO TAKE THEIR POSSESSIONS AND GO TO THE DEAD LAND TO DIE!

SOME LINGER HALF-DEAD FOR MANY MOONS- AND YET DO THEY CONTINUE...

I FEAR THOSE GROUNDS SHOULD FALL PREY TO SOME GREEDY WHITE MAN'S GRASP!

MEANWHILE...

THIS NEW BATCH OF ACURI HERB POTION LOOKS GOOD, BILL. IT MAY PROVE TO BE THE CROWNING TOUCH TO MY EXPERIMENTS IN RESTORING YOUTH TO OLD ANIMALS!

GEE, DAD! CATTLE RAISERS'LL PAY MILLIONS FOR THIS!

THAT OLD LION, IS READY, DOCTOR FOSDICK!

THE ONLY WHITE MEN IN THIS REGION ARE THAT OLD SCIENTIST AND HIS SON. THEY'RE HARMLESS!

PSST! HERE THEY COME, BART. REMEMBER, NO MORE YAPPING ABOUT THOSE NATIVE DEAD GROUNDS WE FOUND.

AHH! THE GROUNDS'RE NO USE TO US ANYWAY, KROLL!

THERE- I'VE INJECTED THE HERB POTION INTO IT! NOW, WATCH, MEN!

BLAZES! I'M GETTIN' SICK AND TIRED WATCHIN' THIS CRAZY GALOOT AND HIS WACKY EXPERIMENTS... IF ONLY WE COULD THINK OF SOMETHING!

BUT SUDDENLY THE WEARY WRINKLES FALL FROM THE INDOLENT LION, AND...

SNAPPED HIS CHAIN! IT WORKS. BILL, IT WORKS!

NO-NO! WAIT, DAD- LOOK, HE'S STARTING TO SHRIVEL- HE...

HMM...JUST THAT SUDDEN BANG. ONLY LASTED ABOUT A MINUTE... FOSDICK'S FAILED AGAIN. HEY, WAIT! BURT- DOES IT GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS?

YOU MEAN A TIE-IN WITH THOSE DEAD GROUNDS?... YEAH! SURE DOES! LET'S JUMP 'EM NOW WHILE THEY'RE OCCUPIED!



DISMAL FAILURE, BILL. THE STUFF BRINGS DEATH SWIFTER... I-

DAD!

CAREFUL, KROLL! WE NEED THAT STUFF!



KROLL! BURT! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? I- I'VE SPILLED THE HERB FLUID...
OOOH!

BLAST IT! JUST WHAT I DIDN'T WANT TO DO! CAN'T KILL HIM NOW...

LOOK OUT- THE CAGES...



WHEW! LUCKY WE GOT UP HERE IN TIME! THE HERB POTION'S ALL SMASHED!

YEAH, AND THE KID IS CAUGHT IN THAT STAMPEDE, KROLL!

PROBABLY CRUSHED TO DEATH! WHEN FOSDICK COMES TO, WE'LL TELL HIM WE'RE HOLDING HIS SON CAPTIVE!

RIGHT! THEN WE CAN FORCE HIM TO MAKE MORE OF THE STUFF!

AS...

HARK, BOB! A SOUND IN THE BRUSH...



YEAH- LOOK! A BERSERK CAT!



SHEENA! MY GUN...

AYE! MY STEEL SHALL SPEAK FOR US BOTH! WHAT?



YET ANOTHER! SWIFT MUST PLUNGE MY BLADE, ELSE MY MATE GOES TO HIS DOOM!

WHILE...

W-WHERE AM I?-I REMEMBER...
WHAT HAVE YOU DEVILS DONE
WITH MY SON?

HE'S OUR PRISONER,
FOSDICK! AND IF YOU
WANT HIM TO LIVE,
YOU'D BETTER
LISTEN TO OUR
TERMS!

I'LL DO ANYTHING
TO SAVE BILL-
ANYTHING!

KIND OF FIGURED
THAT! YOU'LL
MAKE ANOTHER
BATCH OF THAT
HERB POTION
WHEN WE GET
TO OUR DESTI-
NATION.

AND ALL THE ELEC-
TRICAL EQUIPMENT
ON THIS CART, YOU'RE
GONNA SET UP FOR US.
GET GOING, BURT!

GIDDAP,
THERE!

AS...

STRANGE-
HE DIDN'T
PUT UP MUCH
OF A FIGHT,
SHEENA!

NAY! I SUSPECT
THEY ARE AGED
BEASTS, FROM
DOCTOR FOSDICK'S
CAMP!

BUT YOUNG OR
AGED- DIE, DEVIL,
DIE! QUICKLY,
BOB, SOMETHING
MAY BE AMISS!

YES. I'M
OKAY, SHEENA.
WE'LL TREK
TO FOSDICK'S
CAMP!



AND SOON...

YOU WERE RIGHT!
A SHAMBLES! THOSE
CAGES ALL SMASHED!

STRANGE! I WONDER
WHAT BECAME OF
THE DOCTOR? DO
YOU SEE ANYONE?

NOT A
SOUL,
SHEENA-
NOT A
SOUL!

HAH! SO THEY'VE
RETURNED! I'LL
GET THEM! I'LL
SMASH HIS HEAD!





WHAT'VE YOU DONE WITH MY FATHER? I'LL KILL YOU—KILL YOU!

SHEENA! HE'S CRAZY—HE'S GOT A STRANGLE-HOLD ON MY THROAT...

HE KNOWS NOT WHAT HE DOES, YET—THERE! THE DEATH-HOLD IS BROKEN...

WHY, IT'S BILL FOSDICK! THE DOC'S SON. WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?

BRING HIM WITH US TO THE N'TUMBA KRAAL. COME!

THEN ONE CHANCE REMAINS!



WAH! 'TIS THE JUNGLE QUEEN AND HER MATE! JAMBO, SHEENA. WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY KRAAL?

A MATTER OF GRAVE CONCERN, O, CHIEF!

YOU MUST LEAD ME TO THESE DEAD LANDS—THIS EVIL CUSTOM MUST BE HALTED. KNOW YOU NOT IT IS EVIL?

AYE, LONG HAVE I KNOWN THAT, O SHEENA—BUT MY PEOPLE BELIEVE 'TIS THE WILL OF THE GODS! YET—SO BE IT! A RIDING ZEBRA AND A GUIDE SHALL BE YOURS!



WHILE... ALMOST THERE! BUT THAT OLD FOOL HAS ME WORRIED, KROLL, BABBLING ABOUT THIS SHEENA DAME. SAY, D'YA SUPPOSE HE GOT A WARNING TO HER?

WE CAN FIND OUT, BURT. GRAB THAT NET!

SEE? A NICE TRAP—IN CASE SHE IS FOLLOWING!

YEAH! AND WE CAN AMBUSH HER—SWELL!



SOON... WE NEAR THE GROUNDS NOW, SHEENA...

HARK! HEAR YOU A SOUND?

A VINE-NET TRAP! TRY TO STAY ASTRIDE THE MOUNT!

THERE THEY ARE!

MY BLADE MUST SLASH A WAY TO FREEDOM!

DRAT IT! MISSED THE DAME. THEY'RE GETTIN' FREE...

PLUGGED THE KID— BUT SHE'S GETTING AWAY!

GO, BEAST, GO!

THE POUNDING, THUNDERING HOOVES SOON DIE IN THE DISTANCE. HURRIED WORDS PASS SWIFTLY BETWEEN BURT AND KROLL. AND LATER, AN ANCIENT, HALF-CRUMBLLED TEMPLE IS SEEN OVERLOOKING THE KRAAL OF THE LIVING DEAD. . . QUICKLY, EVIL PLANS ARE LAID, AS...



ALL RIGHT, FOSDICK! END OF THE LINE. AFTER YOU UNLOAD THAT ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT, YOU CAN START MAKING THE HERB STUFF!

HEY, BURT, YOU HAVE SOME KNOWLEDGE OF ELECTRICITY. KNOW WHAT THESE ARE FOR?

SURE THING— AND SAY, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA!

SOON...

THERE! ALL SET UP! NOW LET HIM MAKE THAT STUFF! THEN, TONIGHT...



THAT NIGHT, AT N'TUMBA KRAAL...

HEY CHIEF! WHAT'S THAT?

AIEE! 'TIS THE WRATH OF THE GODS WRITTEN IN FIRE! BEHOLD!

SHEENA HAS DONE THIS THING! LOOK AT MY PEOPLE—WILD WITH FEAR! YOUR MATE SHALL PAY FOR THIS!

WAIT, CHIEF! THAT'S ONLY LIGHTNING, AND IT LOOKS MIGHTY STRANGE TO ME!

GOT TO TRY AND REASSURE THEM UNTIL SHEENA RETURNS!



MEANWHILE...

BEHOLD! YOUR GODS HAVE SENT US TO MAKE YOU YOUNG AND FULL AGAIN!

COME FORTH, YE WHO BELIEVE, AND BRING YOUR POSSESSIONS. YOU SHALL RETURN TO YOUR RIGHTFUL VILLAGES!

MAYOMBA! 'TIS TRUE! ONLY THE GREAT GODS MAKE SKY FIRE! AYE, WE COME!

SWIFTLY...

STUPID FOOLS'RE FALLING FOR IT. KEEP FOSDICK OPERATING THE ARTIFICIAL LIGHTNING WHILE I FEED THEM THIS HERB STUFF!



AS...

HOLD TIGHT, YOUNG ONE. WE HAVE ARRIVED... WHAT MEANS THIS? THE N'TUMBA HAVE BESTIRRED THEMSELVES TO WAR-DANCE FURY! HO, BOB...

SHEENA—LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT! THEY'RE GOING TO SEIZE YOU FOR ENTERING THEIR SACRED LAND!

HOLD THEM OFF, BOB! I MUST LET THIS BOY DOWN!





THERE! FEW SHOTS OVER THEIR HEADS OUGHT TO SCARE 'EM AS MUCH AS THAT LIGHTNING!

IT IS DONE, BOB! QUICKLY, LEAP ON BEHIND ME!

WHEW! JUST IN TIME! IT WAS THE LIGHTNING THAT STARTED ALL THIS!

MY EYES HAVE SEEN THE STRANGE BLUE FLASHES IN YONDER SKY!

SOON...

IT'S GOOD WE ABANDONED THE ZEBRA - BUT HERE IS THE PLACE TWO WHITE MEN ATTACKED US, BOB!

AND YOU DON'T KNOW THE WAY FROM HERE - WAIT! THOSE FLASHES HAVE STARTED AGAIN!

WHILE...

PSST! BE READY TO GRAB THIS GUY. THE EFFECTS OF THE STUFF WON'T LAST LONG! THERE!

LOOK AT HIM, KROLL!

AIEE! THE WHITE GOD SPOKE TRUE! YOUTH RETURNS! BEHOLD! BEHOLD!

LOOK, THEY LEAD HIM AWAY!

COME, BELIEVER! YOU SHALL RETURN TO YOUR VILLAGE! BURT, GET HIM BEHIND THE WALL - QUICK!

DEVIL TAKE THEIR HIDES! DUPING THOSE POOR NATIVES! IF ONLY I COULD HELP...

NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON! ALREADY HE'S STARTING TO SHRIVEL!

YEAH, AND THE OTHERS ARE FALLING FOR IT GOOD!

WE GOT IT IN OUR HANDS NOW, KROLL! WHAT NEXT?

FOSDICK! HE'S NO USE TO US ANYMORE. GO BUMP HIM OFF!

SO YOU SHUT IT OFF, EH? JUST LIKE I'M GONNA SHUT YOU OFF! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, FOSDICK!

BUT, MY SON - Y-YOU PROMISED...

MEANWHILE...

ONWARD, O MEN OF N'TUMBA! WE FOLLOW THE SPOOR OF THE JUNGLE QUEEN!

AYE, AND ONLY HER DEATH SHALL ERASE THE SACRILEGE!

ONWARD, TO THE DEATH LANDS!

AS... YOU WERE RIGHT, BOB! THESE ARE THE DEATH LANDS! BUT THAT WHITE MAN...

LOOK, THOSE NATIVES ARE LAYING THINGS AT HIS FEET!

WITNESS, O GOD OF YOUTH, WE BESTOW OUR WEALTH UPON YOU FOR THIS WONDERFUL GIFT YOU GIVE US!

YES, YES! THAT'S IT! BRING ALL YOUR GOLD AND GEMS. I WILL - WHAT...

AYE! TREMBLE, ONE OF TRICKERY! YOUR DOOM IS AT HAND!

SHEENA!



YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS OVER!

I'M FALLING AGAINST THE BALL - BURT-BURT!

WHAT? THOSE SHOTS OUTSIDE-SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE... THAT'LL HOLD YOU!

THE SWITCH-OH!

SWIFTLY...

SO! PUTTIN' THE CRIMP ON OUR BUSINESS, EH? JUNGLE BIG SHOT, HUH? GO AHEAD, TELL THE NATIVES WE'RE FAKES - TALK!

NAY, 'TIS YOU WHO'LL TALK!



AND... THE LIGHTNING! NO - I'M BURNING... I... AAAH!



HEY, PUT ME DOWN! I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK! I'LL TELL 'EM!

THEN BEGIN! AND TELL THEM TRUTH!

SOON...

WAH! FROM THE WHITE MAN'S OWN LIPS HAVE WE HEARD THIS TRICKERY - BUT, HARK! THE JUNGLE QUEEN SPEAKS!

FOR MANY MOONS HAS SHEENA DEPLORED THIS CUSTOM! HENCEFORTH IT SHALL BE TABOO!

LATER...

WHEN THE BEASTS STAMPEDED, I ROLLED TO SAFETY! BUT, YOU, DAD...

YES, WHILE KROLL AND BURT WERE BUSY, I WAS SENDING MORSE CODE ON THE LIGHTNING SWITCH! WE OWE OUR LIVES TO SHEENA!



SHEENA, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE, APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

The Hawk

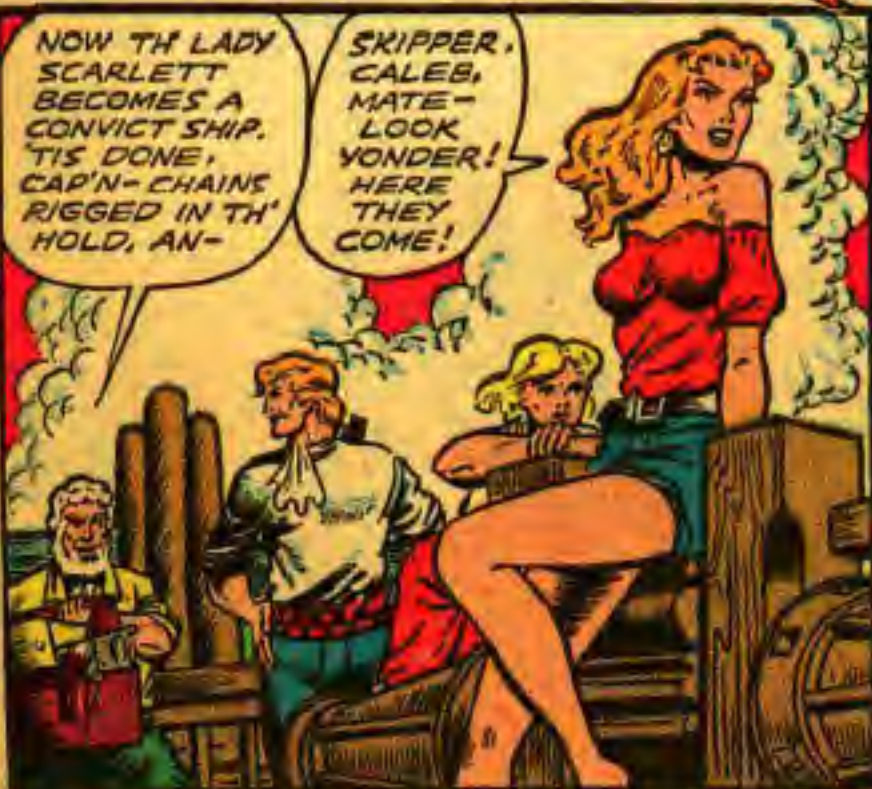
BY WILLIS RENSIE

THE JAILS OF LONDON WERE FILLED... FILLED WITH HUMANITY'S DREGS—CUTTHROATS, KILLERS, THIEVES! "THEY MUST BE DEPORTED, CAPTAIN," THE HAWK WAS TOLD, "YOUR SHIP MUST BE CALLED ON," AND SO...



NOW TH' LADY SCARLETT BECOMES A CONVICT SHIP. 'TIS DONE, CAP'N—CHAINS RIGGED IN TH' HOLD, AN—

SKIPPER, CALES, MATE—LOOK YONDER! HERE THEY COME!



GLORY, VELVET—AIN'T YOU SKEERED JUST A MITE? 'TIS—'TIS KILLERS THEY BE!

SHHH, JEREMY—THEIR GUARD'S A—HAILIN'...





CAP'N HAWK, SIR-AHOY! WHERE AWAY WITH TH' FOUL SCUM?

ME HOLD HAS BEEN MADE A BRIG, GUARD. BRING THEM ABOARD.

BY KIDD'S BONES- 'TIS A PRETTY PACKAGE WOT GREET'S US! COME ALONG W' OL' TIM, LASS-

BACK! GET BACK, TIM- CURSE YER HIDE...



METHUSALAH. THEY'RE SCARCE HUMAN. 'TWOULD BE TH' END IF THEY E'ER GOT FREE, SKIPPER.

BEST YOU STAY IN TH' CABIN 'TIL THEY'RE BELOW, VELVET, EH, WOT IS IT, FLUTH? TH' LUBBER COME ABOARD?

HIM WOT'S TO BE OUR SHIP'S SUR-GEON? NAY, CAP'N HAWK- NOT AMONG TH' GUARDS YONDER 'E AIN'T!

HAIL ME W'EN 'E ARRIVES THEN. JEFF WINSTON 'IS NAME 'IS.

WHILE...

'TIS BUT A NOGGIN' TOO MANY YOUR SERVANT'S HAD, BEN BURKE. AND NOW, 'TIS OFF TO TH' COLONY, I'LL BE.

YOU'LL JOIN IN A DROP FIRST, EH, DOCTOR WINSTON?



ON WITH IT, FRIEND. PERCHANCE YOU'LL FIND SCANT RATIONS ON HAWK'S SHIP.

'TIS KIND YE BE, AN' YET I'D NOT DELAY CAP'N HAWK'S SAILIN' THERE!

WOT! ME THROAT-AFLAME! INSIDES EXPLODIN'! YOU-YOU- 'T'WAS POISON! A-A-A-A...



SOON...
SKIPPER—CAP'N HAWK!
'TIS ONE HERE WHO'D
SEE YOU! JUST CAME
ABOARD, HE DID!

SENT BY THE
ADMIRALTY, I
WAS, SIR. MY
PAPERS WILL
IDENTIFY ME.

AYE, DOCTOR
JEFF WINSTON,
THEY SEEM IN
ORDER. YOU'LL
FIND A BUNK
FORWARD THERE.
WOT DELAYED
YE?

AH, NO MATTER—
WE'RE PUTTIN'
OUT NOW! AHOY—
AHOY, YE BLINKIN'
LUBBERS! GET
SOME BRINE
'NEATH THE OL'
LADY!

AND SO, WITH A HOLD FILLED WITH
HATE AND DECKS WASHED IN TREACH-
ERY, THE LADY SCARLETT SAILED
FOR THE PRISON COLONY OF AUSTRALIA.
AND WHEN DAYS HAD PASSED...



YOU TELL THERE'S
ONE WHO 'PEARS
STRICKEN WITH
THE FEVER?
LEAD ON THEN,
GUARD...

AYE, DOCTOR—
OVER HERE, HE
BE! YONDER—
NAME'S TIM—



NONE KNOWS HIS
NAME BETTER THAN
I, YE BLOODY FOOL!
AND NOW THIS CURSED
PLAYACTING ENDS!
THERE!

OOOH!



BEN, LAD—BEN
BURKE! YER
PLAN WORKED!
AN' YE DIDN'T
FORGET OL'
TIM!

WOULD I
FORGET A
SHIPMATE,
TIMOTHY?
MOVE SPRIGHTLY
NOW—AVAST!
ANOTHER
GUARD...





DAYS OF ANGUISH PASSED AS THE HAWK AND HIS CREW DRIFTED IN A WAVELESS SEA. THE MERCILESS SUN BEAT DOWN UPON GLASSY WATERS. AND FROM PAIN-PARCHED THROATS CAME SCARCE-RECOGNIZABLE VOICES...



NAY, SIR... I'VE... I'VE NO NEED O' IT... PASS ME WATER RATION TO TH' REST...

STOW IT, CALEB, THERE- THERE IS NO WATER! BUT- BUT TH' CALM IS ENDING...



... THERE'S WIND! AND- OD'S BLOOD! - 'TIS A SAIL! A SAIL, LADS, WE'RE SAFE! SAFE AT LAST...



BUT...

ON WITH IT, ME BUCKOS, H'IST OUR FLAG! TH' PATCH 'UD NOT FLY FALSE COLORS E'EN TO PICK A PASSEL O' BILGE RATS FROM TH' SEA!



WHILE...

AH... TH' SIGNAL'S STASHED AWAY... NOW W'EN A SAIL'S SIGHTED - WOT!

VELVET- IS THAT YOU?



VELVET, IS IT? SPEAK! YE SCURVY NIPPER - WOT BE IT YER ABOUT?

HONEST - I WAS UP TO NOTHING... PLEASE - OOH!



ON WITH IT, TIM! SLIT TH' LITTLE DEVIL'S THROAT AN' HEAVE 'IM TO TH' SHARKS!

SEE, WE WILL! WE'LL BE A-SEEN! WOT CAP'N BEN BURKE HAS TO SAY ON IT!

MEANWHILE...

BLIMEY!
A PASSEL
O' CONVICTS
WE 'AS! 'OW
CAME YE
ADRIFT
HERE?

'T WAS A VOYAGE TO
TH' PRISON COLONY OF
AUSTRALIA. CAST OVER,
WE WERE, BY HIM WHO'S
COMMANDIN' TH'
LADY SCARLETT!

TH' HAWK! OO'S BLOOD,
DO ME EARS PLAY
TRICKS? HIS SHIP IN
THESE WATERS! DID YE
SPOT 'ER HEADIN' A-
FORE TH' CALM,
LUBBER?

AYE,
SIR...

WE MIGHT O'ERTAKE 'ER... I'D
SELL ME LIFE FOR REVENGE
ON HIM WHO'S GIVIN' ORDERS
ABOARD 'ER!

YER CHANCE MAY
COME. I'VE AN OLD
SCORE TO SETTLE
WITH HAWK MESELF.
BUT YER FACE, IT-
AH, NO MATTER...

LATER...

YON'S HAWK'S
SHIP- BUT
WOT! FIRIN'
ROCKETS!

IN DISTRESS!
WE'RE MOVIN'
IN! ARM THE
CONVICTS, MATE!
THEY KIN FOLLOW
US ON IF WE
NEED AID!

AS...

NOW, JEREMY, LAD-
IF OUR SIGNAL'S-
BLIMEY! THEY'VE
SEEN US...

BY KIDD'S BONES, BEN
BURKE! TOLD YE WE
SHOULD O' FED 'EM TO
TH' SHARKS! SAIL
YONDER'S SEEN THEIR
ROCKETS!

MAKE FISH-BAIT
O' TH' MANGY
BARNACLES!
QUICK, TIM- TH'
TUB'S PULLIN'
ALONGSIDE...

NOW, ME BUCKOS- MAKE
READY! AT LAST TH' HAWK'S
HEAD'LL SWING FROM OUR
MIZZEN!

'TIS ARMED TH' CONVICTS BE, CAP'N PATCH—THEY KIN FOLLOW US ABOARD!

AYE, BUT WHERE'S TH' HAWK? AVAST—ONE YONDER 'AS A BLADE!

NAY, CAP'N—HE'S DONE!

OH, VELVET—'T WAS A PIRATE WOT SAW OUR ROCKET—LOOK!

BILGE RAT! YE DARE CROSS SWORDS WITH CAP'N BEN BURKE?

AHOY, BUCKO—NOW! AID US—AID US! COME OVER—A-A-A-A...

AYE, LADDIES—OVER IT IS! THEY'VE HACKED THEMSELVES DOWN TO OUR NUMBER NOW!

AVAST—BEN BURKE, CAP'N HAWK!

AYE, FLUTH, SEEN TH' DEVIL BE!

TH' HAWK! SO 'T WAS YOUR SCHEME! I'LL—

NAY! I'M BUT SORRY WINSTON, TH' SURGEON'S, NOT HERE TO SEE YER END!

SKIPPER! TH' REST ARE LAYIN' 'EM DOWN—GIVIN' UP!

LATER...

GLORY! ME—THOUGHT WE'D SEEN TH' LAST O' YE TWO NIPPERS!

AHGY, 'AVE WE NOT A CARGO FOR TH' PRISON COLONY? THERE SHE BLOWS!

THE HAWK IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

LORD of the SEA

HORATIO NELSON

IF one had to name a single man to represent England as triumphant mistress of the seas there could be little hesitation in selecting Horatio Nelson. He began his career as a shy, sickly boy, twelve years old, aboard the battleship *Raisonnable*. At twenty-one he was a post captain. He lost an eye at the siege of Calvi, an arm in the expedition against Teneriffe. Though his headlong valor had received no special recognition, he had become known to his immediate superiors as one who "could not be spared, either as captain or admiral."

As a boy at school he had himself let down by sheets one night in order to raid a pear-orchard—and then gave all the fruit away, explaining that he only went because "all the other fellows were afraid."

The dark cloud of Napoleon's conquering ambition rose over Europe. Those were gloomy days for England when the news of each successive conquest on the Continent made it probable that her turn would come next.

October, 1805, saw Nelson in command of a fleet off Cape Trafalgar, near Cadiz, awaiting the combined forces of France and Spain under Admiral Villeneuve.

At daybreak of the 21st the enemy came in sight, thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates, formed in close battle order.

Nelson's plan of attack had been carefully outlined to Admiral Collingwood and the other officers. As usual his main insistence was on "a close and decisive action."

That was the true Nelson touch.

The admiral turned and gave an order. A new signal snapped into place at the masthead:

"England expects every man to do his duty."

Nelson was in full dress—his long, blue admiral's frock coat, with the glittering stars of four orders on his breast. It was



known that the enemy had four thousand troops on board, including many picked Tyrolese sharpshooters. Indeed, these riflemen could be seen clustered in the tops. The viscount was so conspicuous a mark, and his fame made the French so particularly anxious to remove him, that his officers were much disturbed. It had been hinted before that prudence demanded he should remove his coat or cover up his stars, but he had answered: "In honor I gained them, and in honor I will die with them."

Nelson steered for the largest thing in sight, the *Santissima Trinidad*.

Scott, his secretary, fell dead. A double-headed shot wiped out eight marines. A ball passed between Nelson and Hardy and a splinter tore off the latter's buckle. Each thought the other wounded. "Too warm work to last long," smiled Nelson. In ten minutes fifty men had been killed or disabled. The flag-ship's maintopmast, booms, and studding-sails had been shot away.

Still the *Victory's* guns were silent. Still her men stood to quarters, with a cool courage never surpassed. Still she held straight for the enemy.

They reached the enemy's van. Passing down the line in an effort to break through, the word was given. The gun crews



Headed for the orchard.

changed suddenly from statues to frenzied avengers. The cannon spoke with one great voice—and spoke again; and those in front knew only too well what they said.

It became clear they must run aboard one of the foe to break the line.

"Which one would you prefer, sir?" inquired Captain Hardy.

"Take your pick," said the admiral. "It doesn't signify much."

"Port your helm!" called Hardy.

Round veered the grim battleship till she headed for the *Redoubtable*.

The latter received her with a broadside, then hastily closed her lower-deck ports, lest she be boarded through them. Nor did she again fire a great gun during the conflict; but the riflemen in her tops were still in the fight. Just as her tiller-ropes were shot away, the *Victory* ran into her opponent. Harvey in the *Temeraire* swung aboard on the other side, and a Frenchman ranged alongside the *Temeraire*.

Here then were these four ships in "as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way," thundering their heavy shot into each other's vitals.

The *Victory's* gunners had to depress their pieces and lessen the charges lest they fire through the *Redoubtable* into their own *Temeraire* on the other side. The larboard guns had no such trouble, and they beat a devil's tattoo upon both the *Santissima Trinidad* and the *Bucentaure*,

Villeneuve's flag-ship.

On the starboard side a fireman with a bucket of water stood by each piece. When the lower-deck guns were run out the muzzles touched the *Redoubtable's* sides; and, to prevent fire, after each shot this bucket of water was dashed into the gaping hole!

Twice Nelson ordered his men to cease firing on this side, thinking the *Redoubtable*, which flew no colors, had surrendered, because her great guns were silent. An hour after the melee began, a rifle-ball from the Frenchman's mizzen-top, only fifty feet from where he stood, struck him on the left shoulder.

He fell upon his face in a pool of blood.

Hardy, who had shouted a warning too late, ran to the spot. Three men raised the admiral.

"They've done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

Nevertheless, as he was carried down the ladder, he gave orders to have new tiller-ropes rigged in place of those shot away; and to prevent being seen by the crew, he covered his face and stars.

But not even the agony he suffered could take his mind from the battle which raged above. Whenever a ship struck—the *Redoubtable* surrendered twenty minutes after Nelson was hit—the crew of the *Victory* burst into cheering, and at each of these huzzas his face lit up with pride and delight. He sent repeated messages to Captain Hardy.



Sighting of the enemy fleet.



The guns beat a devil's tattoo.

At last, after an endless hour's wait, the captain came. He pressed his admiral's hand in silence.

"How goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy. "Ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked and seem to be bearing down on the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round."

"I hope none of our ships have struck?"

"There was no fear of that."

"I am a dead man, Hardy. I am going fast."

With a few more words, the captain hastened back on deck.

Fifty minutes later, he returned. The battle was on but it was a complete and magnificent victory; at least fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships were sunk.

"That's well, but I bargained for twenty," said Nelson resolutely.

He still gave orders, commanding the

captain to anchor, as had been planned.

But his span was lessening rapidly. A little later he said:

"Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty."

The last words were repeated several times. Then his brave spirit was released.

Trafalgar shattered the French naval power: the twenty captures Nelson had demanded were taken; others went down in a storm; only four escaped.

: But there was no joy in England, in spite of her celebration of the victory. For she felt the price paid had been all too great. And many a man vowed the island-empire were safer with Nelson and threatened by the enemies' utmost power, than without him even when the hostile fleets had been annihilated.

That, I fancy, is the highest tribute ever paid by a nation to one brave man.



Death of The Admiral.

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ZX-5

BY MAJOR THORPE



"THIS PRIVATE PEEP RACKET IS FUNNY. SOMETIMES ALL I DO IS WATCH HOW COBWEBS ARE MADE; OTHER TIMES A BLUNION PARADE IS BEATING A PATH THROUGH MY THREADBARE CARPET. HUSH-HUSH STUFF FOR UNCLE SAM—THEN, THIS BLACKMAIL-BAIT, CELESTINE FARADAY... MIX WELL WITH A STORMY NIGHT AND A HUSHED PHONE CALL AT QUARTER TO TWELVE..."

DID THE GIRL CONTACT YOU YET, ZX-5?

I'M MEETING HER AT TWELVE... YES— I'LL REMEMBER... RIGHT! SO LONG!

"ROUGH NIGHT, BUT I ANKLED DOWN TO FIFTH AND TUXEDO..."

CELESTINE FARADAY, I PRESUME. NICE EVENING.

SORRY TO DRAG YOU OUT, ZX— BUT I'M IN BAD TROUBLE!

"WE THUMBED TOWARD HER JALOPY—AND SOON SHE TALKED AS SHE DROVE..."

SO, THIS CHARACTER'S PUTTING THE BITE ON YOU, HUH? HOW MUCH—AND HOW COME?

FIFTY GRAND, ZX! LETTERS! FOOLISH YOUNG GIRL... THE OLD STORY! BUT HERE WE ARE!



YEAH! THERE WE WERE! SHE GAVE ME THE FISH-EYE, AND THUMBED TOWARD THE ORIGINAL HOUSE OF USHER...

WE'VE GOT TO GO IN THERE AND GET THOSE LETTERS!

JUST LIKE THAT, HUH? HOW DO I KNOW HE'LL GIVE 'EM TO ME?

MEANWHILE...

WHAT'S THIS, LIONEL? IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY US A VISIT, EH?

MEOW!

BUT OLD ENOCH BARNABY KNOWS HOW TO GIVE 'EM A WARM RECEPTION, EH, LIONEL?

MEOW!

WE SCURRIED UP THE DARK PATH THROUGH THE PELTING RAIN...

SO, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY OFF, AND JUST WANT ME TO MAKE SURE YOU GET THE LETTERS, EH?

YES, ZX, THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! HERE WE ARE!

UP THE RICKETY STOOP, AND I BUSTED THE STOUT OAKEN PORTAL NONE TOO GENTLY WITH MY HOOK...

GOSH! THE PLACE IS A VERITABLE FORTRESS, CELESTINE. WHAT DOES HE COLLECT BESIDES LETTERS...? BODIES?

SHH! SOMEONE'S COMING!

THE DOOR CRACKED OPEN - FIRST THING I SAW WAS HIM, THEN THE BOOMSTICK AND, FINALLY, THE SOGGY UNLIT EL ROPO GOING AROUND LIKE A PINWHEEL...

I WONDERED HOW LONG I WAS GOING TO PLAY THIS GAME - INSIDE THE GEEZER LEVELED HIS IRON AT CELESTINE...

ENOCH BARNABY? WE JUST STOPPED BY TO... UH! MUSTN'T POINT!

HEY, BARNABY, WAIT! DON'T SHOOT!

ZX, YOU FOOL! YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED! THAT GIRL...

CAN THE FUNNY TALK, MISTER! COME INSIDE!

THIS LAMP! I'LL KNOCK IT OVER!

LOOK OUT—
YOU'LL SHORT-
CIRCUIT THE
LIGHTS!

OH!

P-P-H-H-T-T! SHORT
CIRCUIT! LOOKED LIKE
THE WHOLE PLAN WAS
BACKFIRING..."

THAT WAS
DELIBERATE!
DO SOMETHING,
ZX!

AND OUTSIDE...

COME ON, BOYS!
THAT WAS THE
SIGNAL!

YEAH! AND
THE DOOR'S
OPEN!

THE DOOR SLAMMED—AND IN GLIDED
THESE CREEPS, FLAPPING ARMS AND
YELLING..."

THERE HE IS!
THERE HE IS!

THOUGHT YOU WERE
GONNA TURN THE TABLES
AND NAB US, HUH?
THANKS FOR BEING SO
DUMB, SUCKER! TAKE IT!

AAH!

DIRTY KILLER!
YOU GOT
BARNABY—
BUT YOU
WON'T GET
ME!

WHAT?
THAT'S
ZX'S
VOICE...
I'LL
SHOOT
IN THAT
DIRECTION!

THERE! LET'S
HEAR YOU SCREAM,
FLATFOOT!

OH! Y-YOU
G-GOT M-ME...
ARGH!...

HEARD HIM FALL - HE'S FINISHED. NOW TO JOIN THE OTHERS!

GOOD THING I THUMPED THIS CHAIR, AND MY VENTRILOQUISM CAME IN HANDY.



NOW TO SEE WHAT DAMAGE THEY'VE DONE, AND LOCATE BARNABY'S BODY... WHAT?



THERE HE WAS - DEAD AS THE CIGAR HE CHEWED!



TOO BAD. THIS COUNTRY'LL BE THE LOSER!

YOU SEE, ENOCH BARNABY HAD BEEN A BRILLIANT CHEMIST - WAS DOING SECRET WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT...

WE PLAYED OUR GAME TOO FAR. WONDER WHAT HE DID WITH THAT NEW FORMULA?



WHILE...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS. SO FAR WE'VE BEEN LUCKY - ZX-5 FELL FOR MY GAG. NOW, PULL THIS PLACE APART - AND GET THAT FORMULA!

YOU HEARD HER! GET GOING!



MINUTES PASS...

THIS IS THE LAST DRAWER, CELESTINE. NOT HERE!

AND I'VE GONE ALL THROUGH HIS PAPERS. BARNABY WAS PRETTY CAGEY!

WE'LL LOOK UNDER TH - WAIT! THAT SOUND...

YEAH. SOMEONE ON THE STAIRS!



AS I EASED MY BULK DOWN THE STAIRS...

THAT STEP CREAKED... BETTER BE MORE CAREFUL!



IT'S THE GUMSHOE! GET READY! DON'T KNOCK HIM OUT—HE MAY KNOW WHERE THE FORMULA IS! SHH!



THE SECOND I ENTERED THE LAB, A STRONG ARM GRABBED ME AND A VOICE RASPED...

DIE-HARD, EH, CHUM? PILE ON, BOYS—HE'S STILL GOT SOME FIGHT LEFT!

OOH!



FIGHT, EH? SLUG HIM!

GOT HIS SHOULDER! WHAT DO YOU WANNA DO WITH HIM, CELESTINE?

YEAH, WHAT?

PRETTY CLEVER, ZX—SO YOU WERE WISE THAT MY BLACKMAIL ROUTINE WAS ALL A GAG TO GET INSIDE THIS DUMP! BRING HIM OVER TO THAT VISE, BOYS!



THE 'BOYS' PUSHED MY FLIPPER INTO THE VISE, AND CELESTINE STARTED TWISTING THE HANDLE...

YOU WERE IN WITH BARNABY FROM THE BEGINNING, SMART GUY! OKAY, WHERE'S THE FORMULA?

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T—OOH!



SUDDENLY, LIONEL STARTED CUTTING A CAPER WITH MY FALLEN CANE. I WATCHED—POPEYED...

HEY, THAT PUSSY IS FOOLIN' WIT ZX'S CANE! IT'S A TRICK CANE...



"W E RAN TOWARDS THE CAT, BUT I WAS WATCHING PUSS CLOSELY..."



SCAT! GIT AWAY—GIT!

"I NADVERTENTLY, LIONEL'S PAW STRUCK ONE OF MY SPECIAL BUTTONS, AND..."



TOO LATE! I CAN'T SEE!

"T HAT WAS TOUGH, EH? I PULLED MY HOOK OUT OF THE VISE, SCOOPED UP A FALLEN ROD, WHIRLED AROUND, AND..."



NOW, WHILE THEY'RE OCCUPIED...

LET'S SEE HOW TALL YOU BOYS ARE. STRETCH 'EM! YOU WANT A FORMULA, HUH? OKAY, HERE IT IS! TWENTY YEARS IN THE CLINK FOR ESPIONAGE!



YES, BUT THE PAPER'S BLANK!

PATIENCE, SERGEANT, PATIENCE. SEE, TWO PAPERS—ONE DIPPED IN WATER, PLACED OVER THE OTHER AND...



"T HERE IT WAS—A FORMULA FOR A NEW TYPE OF DEADLY GAS IN PHOTOGRAPHED SYMBOLS..."

THIS WILL GO INTO THE WAR DEPARTMENT FILES! I HOPE WE NEVER HAVE TO USE IT!



THE FORMULA, SERGEANT! ROLLED INSIDE THIS DEAD GIGAR BARNABY HAD IN HIS JIB! SEE?

"AFTER THE POLICE TOOK THEM AWAY, THE SERGEANT SAID: "BUT WHERE IS BARNABY'S FORMULA?" I STARTED THINKING ABOUT OLD ENOCH, THE CAT, THAT DEAD CIG... THAT WAS IT! THE DEAD CIGAR! I THEN PROCEEDED TO PROVE TO THE POLICE AND MYSELF THAT ALL MY BRAINS AREN'T IN MY FLAT FEET..."

ZX-5 IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

SKY GIRL

BY
BILL
GIBSON

RAW COURAGE WAS PLENTIFUL
IN THESE DEAR DIM DAYS...WHEN
SLEET AND STORM AND JAGGED
PEAKS WERE FEARLESSLY FACED
BY THE HARDY AIRMEN SUCH AS...

PERCY,
DARLING—
IT'S SO
DANGEROUS!
I CAN'T LET
YOU GO—I
CAN'T.

AH, MY LOVE,
BUT THE
GUATEMALANS
NEED THAT
SERUM...

AND I'LL GET
IT THROUGH—
SOMEHOW!
HAVE NO FEAR...

I HAVEN'T! THERE AIN'T A CHANCE
ANYBODY'LL PAY TO SEE THIS
TURKEY! OKAY, BOYS— **CUT!** DID
YUH EVER SEE ANYBODY HAMMY
AS THAT PERCY POINDEXTER?



PERCY POINDEXTER— GEE!
HE'S SUPER! JUST TO
SERVE HIM A SWISS ON RYE
WOULD BE SIMPLY— O-OH!
WHAT?



SNATCHES HER!...LIKE
IN KIDNAPPING! HEY,
THEY'RE THUGS—
CROOKS—KIDNAPPERS!



AN OL' GINGE
IS NOT GONNA
STAND BY AND
SEE—



OH, THOSE LOAFERS! THEY'VE
BEEN HANGING AROUND EVER
SINCE STUPENDOUS PICTURES
CAME TO OUR AIRPORT...



MISS MAGUIRE! YOU
DO WORK IN THIS
RESTAURANT?

I'M COMING. KEEP YOUR
BLOOD PRESSURE DOWN!

I'M TELLIN' YUH,
STEINBECK, IT'S
WORTH A MINT.
NOW WHEN HE
COMES DOWN AN'
SNATCHES 'ER—



HEY—LOOK
OUT, YOU
DIZZY
WITCH!

SHE'S
GONE
CRAZY!

BOSS—MR. LEGREE!
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME,
THEY'RE CROOKS—
KIDNAPPERS!

WHAT—WHO?
WHY—THEY—
THEY'RE
WRITERS—



THEY'RE WORKING ON
THIS STUPENDOUS
PICTURE! YOU'RE
FIRED, GINGER
MAGUIRE, YOU IDIOT!
THERE'S THE DOOR—
GET OUT!



I TELL YOU, POINDEXTER, THIS IS NO YEAR FOR THE HERO TYPES - LOOK AT JAMES MASON, LOOK AT ME, RANDOLPH ROBERTS!

I'D SURE LIKE TO BE A DIRTY LOW-DOWN VILLAIN LIKE YOU, RANNY, BUT I'M TOO OLD TO START OVER, I GOT A WIFE, AND-

AND A KING-SIZE PAUNCH. OH, GOLLY, LOSING MY JOB WASN'T BAD ENOUGH. NOW PERCY POINDEXTER, MY DREAM MAN, BECOMES A NIGHTMARE.

I GUESS THINGS ARE JUST NEVER LIKE THEY SEEM... THERE'S NOTHING LEFT FOR OLD GINGE... MIGHT AS WELL END IT ALL...



A.S. NEARBY...

POINDEXTER'S FACE'LL BE DUBBED IN OVER YOURS ON THE FILM, KID! SAY - WHAT'S THAT?

PUT 'EM TO SLEEP QUICK, PROFESSOR - AN' GET 'EM OUT OF SIGHT!

SAY - WE'RE THE STUPENDOUS STUNT-MEN! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?



WE'RE GONNA NEED SOMEBODY TO HOLD TH' PLANE'S CONTROLS! O-OH! STOW IT!

HE THINKS WE'RE PLAYIN' QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, GORY! GET A MOVE ON - ABOUT TIME TO TAKE OFF!

LOOK - THAT DIZZY WAITRESS FROM THE HASH-HOUSE! SHE'LL DO!

YEAH, SHE'S JUST WHAT TH' DOCTOR ORDERED! HEY, LADY - HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GET IN TH' MOOM PITCHERS?



WHAT! WOULD I? GOLLY,
MY NAME IN LIGHTS, AN-
GEE, MISTER! I WOULDN'T
EXPECT TOP BILLING
TO START.

NAW, NAW, LADY-
WE MEAN AS A
STUNTMAN'S
HELPER. WE JUST
WANT YOU TO
HOLD TH' PLANE'S
CONTROLS,
WHILE-

NEARBY...

NO, PLEASE-
HAVE MERCY!
AH, IF ONLY
MY TRUE LOVE,
PERCY, WERE
HERE-

BAH, WOMAN-NOTHING
CAN SAVE YOU! THE
GRINGO YOU LOVE IS
MILES AWAY-



NOW HERE'S WHERE HE
COMES DOWN THE ROPE
LADDER AND GRABS
HER!

HERE
COMES
TH'
PLANE!



TO THINK THOSE NICE
FELLOWS WILL PAY ME
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
JUST FOR THIS-



I'D LIKE TO SEE
THAT OLD RANDOLPH
ROBERTS' FACE
WHEN THEY RESCUE
HER FROM RIGHT
UNDER HIS NOSE...



ALL
SET,
GORY?

ALL SET-
GRAB
HIM!



NO-NO, YOU
IDIOTS! THE
GIRL- ALICIA
LUSCIOUS!
NOT ME-



OOOH- THAT HAM- IT
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
MY SCENE! AND
RANDOLPH ROBERTS
HOSS THE CAMERA!



HOW D'YUH LIKE
THAT, GORY? HE'S
TRYIN' TO TELL
US HOW TO RUN
OUR BUSINESS!



HOLY SMOKES- HE
HAS BEEN GETTIN'
THREATENIN' LETTERS!
IT'S A KIDNAPPING
SURE!

THEY'VE SNATCHED
THE FABULOUS MOVIE
VILLAIN! PILOT- ROLL
OUT THOSE PURSUIT
PLANES!



BUT, MR. LEGREE...
WE CAN'T SHOOT IF
THEY'VE GOT RANDOLPH
ROBERTS!

RIGHT, BUT IF THEY HARM
HIM, STUPENDOUS WILL
SUE US FOR NINE MILLION
DOLLARS!

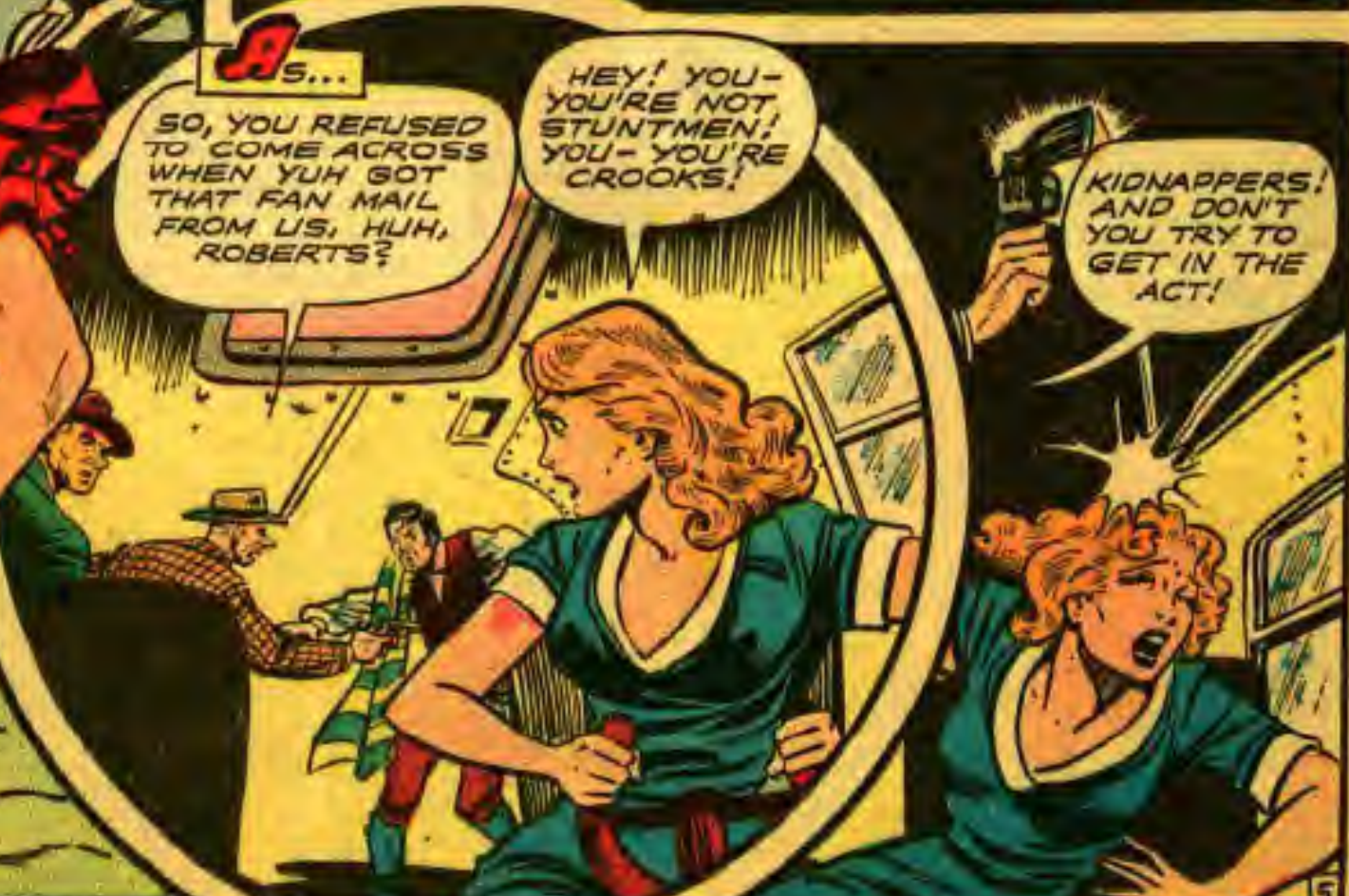


As...

SO, YOU REFUSED
TO COME ACROSS
WHEN YUH GOT
THAT FAN MAIL
FROM US, HUH,
ROBERTS?

HEY! YOU-
YOU'RE NOT
STUNTMEN!
YOU- YOU'RE
CROOKS!

KIDNAPPERS!
AND DON'T
YOU TRY TO
GET IN THE
ACT!





THERE'S TH' THUGS' SHIP—NOTHING WE CAN DO BUT FOLLOW!

GEE, MR. LEGREE—I'D HATE TO BE IN RANDOLPH ROBERTS' SHOES!

TH' BIG TOUGH VILLAIN'S SCARED STIFF, GORY. WHAT'LL WE DO—CUT 'IM INTO ITSY-BITSY PIECES?

GOLLY!.. MY CHANCE TO BE A HERO... IF I CAN REACH THAT FIRE EXTINGUISHER, THOSE CROOKS WILL BURN!



GORY-GORY! TH' DAME-GRAB HER! OOOLP!

RANDOLPH! GET THE OTHER ONE—QUICK!



NO-NO! YOU'LL KILL US ALL! WE'LL CRASH!

GONNA PILE UP! NO—THEY'RE GONNA LAND, MR. LEGREE!

FOLLOW THEM DOWN! IF YOU ASK ME, ROBERTS HAS A FAN ON BOARD!



GINGER MAGUIRE—YOU! YOU SAVED RANDOLPH ROBERTS! YOU'LL BE FAMOUS—THE STORY WILL BE IN ALL THE PAPERS FROM COAST TO COAST!

SURELY, YOU'RE JESTING, LEGREE—IT'LL HAVE TO BE KEPT QUIET! HOW WOULD IT SOUND? ME, THE GREAT MOVIE VILLAIN, BEING SAVED BY A MERE GIRL...

HE'S RIGHT, GINGE—WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP IT A SECRET. ALL I CAN DO IS OFFER YOU YOUR OLD JOB 'BACK—WHAT O'YOU SAY?

I'M TRYING NOT TO SAY IT—ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN—OH, NUTS!



SKY GIRL IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!



Plattsmouth, Nebraska

Dear Editor,

I have been reading some of the letters sent to you and really think you're a great sport to print some of them that sourpusses write.

What are people to do in this day and age? They can't be serious and hateful all their lives. A person needs some relaxation from the toils of life; why not take it in male-believe if you enjoy it? Why do people who don't like comics buy them? They certainly are not forced to. Perhaps if some of these sobersides read to enjoy instead of criticize, they would not be that way.

I am the mother of two children and happy indeed that they can enjoy good clean comics such as yours. They should be bigger books and published more often. My children will always have their comics. I am twenty-nine and expect to read them myself until I am ninety-two.

Yours truly,
P.A.W.L.

P.S. Hurrah for the person who thinks they should make moving pictures of SHEENA. Why not try it?

Houston, Texas

Dear Editor,

You asked who we'd like to travel with if we could go along with any one of the characters on their adventures. For me, it's SHEENA. But I certainly wouldn't want to be Bob. He's a jerk if there ever was one. I think I'd prefer to be Chim rather than Bob.

James Connolly

Bogalusa, La.

Dear Editors

Sky Girl
Is my girl!

Bill (The Poet) Saxon

Middleboro, Mass.

Dear Editor,

I like all your stories except ZX-5 and SKY GIRL. My money is spent this way: SHEENA—4c; THE HAWK—3c; STUART TAYLOR—2c; and THE GHOST GALLERY—1c.

Kenneth Saccoccia

San Francisco, Cal.

Sirs:

I rate them SHEENA, THE HAWK, GHOST GALLERY, SKY GIRL, ZX-5, and STUART TAYLOR. I wouldn't leave any of them out though.

Horace Jones.

Blue Ash, Ohio

Dear Editor,

There is one question I would like to ask: Do you print every letter sent to you?

I think SHEENA, THE HAWK, ZX-5, and STUART TAYLOR are good. GHOST GALLERY is excellent. SKY GIRL is just plain silly. I'm not asking you to change it for me though, because I realize I'm not the only person who buys your magazine.

Carol Apte

Editor: No, Carol, we couldn't possibly print the thousands of letters we receive each month. We try to pick those which are most interesting or representative. We also try to let readers from all parts of the country have their say each month.

Bangor, Maine

Sir,

If you ask me what I think of your book, it's SHEENA, SHEENA, SHEENA! She's the magazine.

Maurice Isen

New York City

Dear Editor,

I bought your book again last month. I still think it belongs in the garbage can.

Mac Taylor

Marion, Illinois

Dear Sir:

Your magazine is great. SKY GIRL is cute as a button. Please give her a boy friend. Too many people criticize THE HAWK. Don't they really appreciate a good story? THE HAWK is my favorite. Go on with the good work and don't change his attitude toward Velvet. I guess SHEENA is all right. I like that type of story but it seems no one woman could do as much as she does. I like your idea of supernatural stories. They're super.

Jeanne Ingram.

Palm Beach, Florida

Dear Editor,

I think you have a wonderful comic magazine. Every feature is tops with me. SHEENA is my favorite. Keep up the good work.

Minta Della McNeilan

Duluth, Minnesota

Dear Editor,

I think your book is swell. One of the best I've ever read. But I think you're unfair to SKY GIRL. She's pretty; I don't see why she can't get a boy friend. Leave every comic story in there.

Fay Welsh

Trenton, N. J.

Dear Editor:

I think you have a good book although there is room for improvement. Personally, I think THE HAWK and GHOST GALLERY are best of all the stories. SHEENA is very good; she rates third with me. ZX-5 should drop dead. STUART TAYLOR should be time-machined back somewhere and never return. I would like to suggest that instead of the usual stories, just keep SHEENA, THE HAWK, GHOST GALLERY, and SKY GIRL but make them a few pages longer.

Jim Kelly

Editor: That's all that space will allow for this month. This is your page in your magazine. Let's have your views.

Stuart TAYLOR in

By
CURT
DAVIS

WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

"DO YOU NEED MONEY?
ARE YOU FINANCIALLY
EMBARRASSED? VISIT
THE LUCIFER LOAN COMPANY!"
THAT AD ALMOST HOOKED
STU TAYLOR WHOSE BRAIN
WAS WHIRLING WITH DOLLAR
SIGNS ONE DAY, WHEN...



AFTER THOSE BILL
COLLECTORS GOT THROUGH
WITH ME, I'M LUCKY I STILL
HAVE POCKETS, LAURA. I'D
SELL MY SOUL TO GET MY
HANDS ON A COUPLE OF
HUNDRED BUCKS.

WHY,
STU!

HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT?
WHAT YOU NEED, STUART
TAYLOR, IS A BUDGET!

BUDGET
MY EYE!
I NEED
MONEY!

HMM, FROM WHAT
I JUST OVERHEARD,
STU, I THINK A
VISIT WITH DOCTOR
FAUSTUS WOULD
CURE YOU OF
MONEY SICKNESS!
THEY HAD THE
SAME DISEASE
FOUR HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.

OKAY, DOC-
WHAT CAN
I LOSE?
MAYBE I
CAN EVEN
MAKE A
FEW BUCKS!



THEN, AS STUART TAYLOR ENTERS DOCTOR HAYWARD'S TIME MACHINE...



YIPES! WHAT A RIDE!
I HOPE THIS FAUSTUS
BIRD IS WORTH THE
TRIP TO GERMANY IN
1560!



HE CAN'T BE TOO SHARP
WITH HIS MAGIC ROUTINE—
OR HE'D CERTAINLY DREAM
UP A BETTER SHACK THAN
THIS! WELL, MIGHT JUST AS
WELL INVITE MYSELF IN.



AS INSIDE...
FAUSTUS!
WHY DID
YOU INVITE
ME HERE?

WHY? I HAD TO
TELL SOMEONE!
AT LAST, AFTER
YEARS OF FAILURE,
I HAVE SOLVED THE
FORMULA! NOW I
CAN DEAL DIRECTLY
WITH MY MASTER—
SATAN! AND YOU—

YOU CAN'T REFUSE TO
MARRY ME NOW! I'LL
HAVE POWER, MONEY—
EVERYTHING, INCLUDING
A LITTLE KISS TO SEAL
THE BARGAIN!

YOU'RE
MAD! I'M
LEAVING!

MARGUERITE!
COME BACK,
YOU LITTLE
FOOL! I'M
NOT GOING
TO HURT
YOU!

WHAT'S
UP, DOC?
PLAYING
A GAME
OF TAG?



IF SO—YOU PLAY TOO
ROUGH—YOU DIME-STORE
HOUDINI! HERE'S A
TICKET TO A TRANCE!



YOU MEDDLER!
COLD STEEL WILL
TEACH YOU A
POINTED LESSON
IN COURTESY!

HAPPY DAY!
STU, MY BOY,
YOU COULD USE
A GOOD FIVE-
CENT MIRACLE!

SUDDENLY...

STOP! FAUSTUS, YOU SWINE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY DAUGHTER? OH NO! HE HAS A PARTNER, TOO! AFTER THEM, SON, WE'LL PUT AN END TO THEIR WIZARDRY!

AYE, FATHER—LET THEM TRY TO MATCH TRICKERY—WITH STEEL!

DIE, FIEND! NOW MY SISTER WILL BE FREE OF YOUR SPELL OVER HER!

NO! NO! FATHER—HEINRICH—I'M NOT HURT! PLEASE—KILLING SOLVES NOTHING! LET'S GO HOME! TAKE ME AWAY FROM THIS EVIL HOUSE!

AS A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SO BE IT, DAUGHTER. BUT, I OBEY VERY RELUCTANTLY!

WHEW! CLOSE SHAVE! I'D BETTER STICK AROUND AND KEEP AN EYE ON THAT GUY.

GO! YOU MISERABLE MORTALS! DR. FAUSTUS WILL HAVE HIS REVENGE!

THAT DOES IT! NEXT THE UNHOLY INCANTATION—AND NOTHING WILL STAND BETWEEN ME AND RICHES! NOTHING!

HOLD IT, FAUSTUS! DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL REGRET! YOU'RE PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE!

WHAT—? YOU AGAIN! YOU GOT IN MY WAY BEFORE—

BUT NOT NOW!

SURGE! SURGE, MAGISTER! TUUS SERVUS TE VOCAT!

SUDDENLY...

SO YOU FINALLY CALLED, EH, FAUSTUS? YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON ME FOR YEARS, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER BEEN INVITED UP! WELL?

YOUR HIGHNESS—I MEAN, SIR, I'VE SERVED YOU WITHOUT REWARD, BUT NOW—I NEED MONEY—QUICKLY! CAN WE STRIKE SOME BARGAIN?

INDEED? NO MAN BARGAINS WITH THE RULER OF THE LOWER REGIONS, BUT I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE A LITTLE LOAN PROPOSITION THAT MAY INTEREST YOU—MY WEALTH FOR YOUR SOUL! JUST SIGN ON THE LINE—BUT ONE WORD OF CAUTION—

YES—YES! ANYTHING YOU SAY!

OH-H! WHAT A HEAD! YOU BETTER SIT THIS ONE OUT, STU!

WHEN I CALL FOR PAYMENT—DON'T HOLD BACK! THE PACT IS SEALED AND NO POWER ON EARTH CAN SAVE YOU. GO—USE YOUR WEALTH AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR SOUL! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT! FAREWELL!

WHILE HE'S BLOWING HIS TOP ABOUT THE JACKPOT HE JUST HIT, I'LL JUST WARN THE BABE THAT FAUSTUS IS UP TO NO GOOD!

MY MASTER SPOKE WISELY! GOLD MEANS POWER—AND THAT I'M GOING TO PROVE TO MARGUERITE THIS VERY DAY!

HERE WE GO AGAIN! SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT, BUT I'M A SUCKER FOR A HAPPY ENDING!

THE LAST ONE ON THE STREET, MEIN HERR! THERE YOU WILL FIND HER!

AND SOON...

THAT'S THE STRAIGHT DOPE, HONEST IT IS! FAUSTUS IS SCREWY! HE'S GOT HIS HOOKS OUT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER! WHY DON'T YOU PACK HER OFF TO HER AUNT IN THE COUNTRY OR SOMETHING?

HERE'S MY ANSWER! DELAY—AND YOUR FATE WILL BE WORSE!

SEIZE HIM! HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THAT SCOUNDREL, FAUSTUS!

HEY, FELLOWS—TAKE IT EASY! I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP!

YOU LIE, DOG! I GAVE FAIR WARNING! NOW SUFFER OUR WRATH!

REMEMBER - SURROUND THE HOUSE! I'LL TALK TO THEM A WHILE AND TRY TO MAKE THEM LISTEN TO REASON. IF THAT FAILS, I'LL SIGNAL AND WE'LL ALL GO IN FOR THE GIRL.

YEAH! AND DON'T WORRY! WE'VE HANDLED KIDNAPPINGS BEFORE AND THIS ONE SOUNDS EASY.

SO YOU STILL REFUSE TO HAND OVER THE GIRL? VERY WELL, YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE. I'LL SHOW YOU THAT DR. FAUSTUS HAS OTHER MEANS OF CONVINCING YOU!

THOSE HOWLING HYENAS ALMOST HAD ME! GOOD THING THE DAY WAS CLEAR AND THE TRACK FAST!



I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW? I'D YELL FOR THE COPS - IF I KNEW HOW TO GET THEM IN THIS TOWN! GUESS I BETTER GET ON THE BALL AND THINK OF SOME WAY OF CRAMPING HIS STYLE!

COME, YE DEMONS OF DESTRUCTION, COME AND DO YOUR MASTER'S BIDDING!

CRASH AND RUMBLE! INSPIRE ALL HEARTS WITH AWE AND TERROR AND SHAKE THE EARTH TO ITS VERY CORE!



I HOPE MY ACT GETS AS WARM A RECEPTION AS FAUSTUS DID. LET'S SEE HOW DID THAT SONG AND DANCE GO? SURGE! SURGE, TUUS SERVUS TE VOCAT!

WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT DO YOU WANT? ANOTHER BARGAIN PERHAPS?

EASY, BROTHER, I EXPECTED TO CATCH THE DEVIL, NOT DR. I. Q. JUST SEND YOUR EARS TO MY TALE OF WOE!



WELL, THAT'S IT IN A NUT-SHELL! HE'S GOT YOU ON HIS SUCKER LIST-AFTER THAT CONTRACT, EVEN CALLED YOU A HAS-BEEN-WASHED UP! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE THAT, ARE YOU?

I SHOULD SAY NOT! HE'S THE SAME AS ALL THE OTHER HUMANS I'VE DEALT WITH. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, NOT WHEN I ALMOST HAVE THE GIRL. TAKE BACK THE MONEY. BUT LET ME HAVE HER!

STOP THIS BLEATING! YOU WANTED THE AGREEMENT! NOW I WANT PAYMENT-YOUR SOUL!

I RATE LIFE MEMBERSHIP IN THE LIAR'S CLUB-FOR THIS!

THIS AFFAIR IS GETTING TOO HOT, EVEN FOR ME! LET ME GIVE FAUSTUS AND COMPANY A WORTHY END!

MAKE THIS A SMASH FINISH, OLD BOY-OR THEY WILL!

SUDDENLY...

HE DID! WHAT A FINALE! I'D RAKE IN A FORTUNE WITH HIM, IN VAUDEVILLE!

RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE FUTURE. HEY! THOSE MAYHEM-MANIACS ARE HEADED THIS WAY! OH, DOC! GET THAT TIME MACHINE IN HIGH GEAR!

WHEW! SOULS-THE DEVIL-SLUG-HAPPY MOBS! MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO MAKE MONEY!

THERE IS, STU! HARD WORK AND THRIFT. I HOPE YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON!

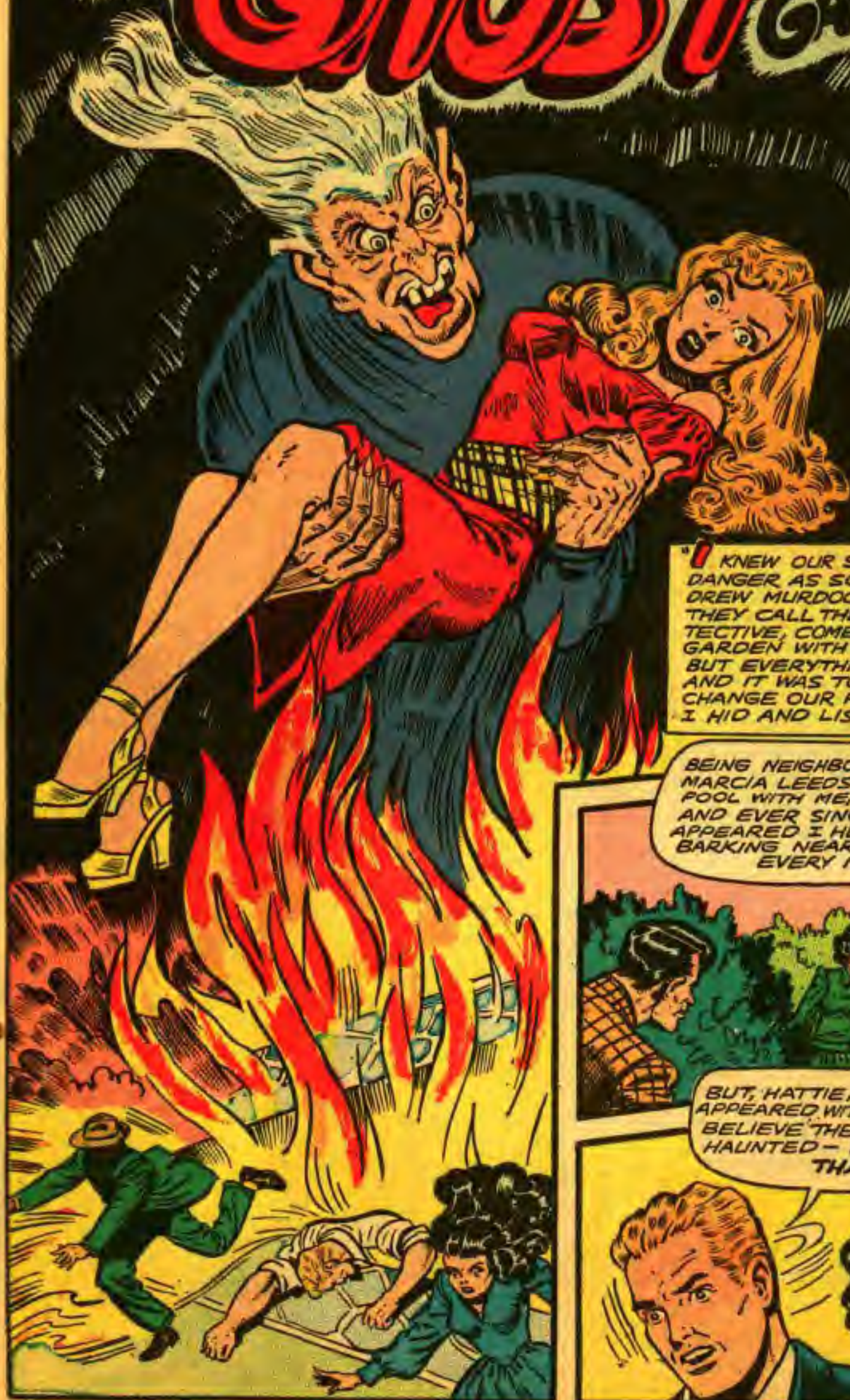
I SURE DID! WHEN YOU SELL YOUR SOUL, MAKE SURE YOU HAVE A LONG TERM CONTRACT-OR YOU'LL GET INTO A DEVIL OF A MESS!

OH, WHAT'S THE USE? YOU'RE HOPELESS!

STUART TAYLOR IN EVERY ISSUE OF **JUMBO** Comics!

THE GHOST GALLERY

By DREW MURDOCH



"I KNEW OUR SCHEME WAS IN DANGER AS SOON AS I SAW DREW MURDOCH, THE GUY THEY CALL THE GHOST DETECTIVE, COME INTO THE GARDEN WITH MY MOTHER. BUT EVERYTHING WAS READY, AND IT WAS TOO LATE TO CHANGE OUR PLANS NOW, SO I HID AND LISTENED..."

BEING NEIGHBORS, SAM AND MARCIA LEEDS SHARED THE POOL WITH ME, MR. MURDOCH. AND EVER SINCE HE DISAPPEARED I HEAR HIS DOG BARKING NEAR THE POOL EVERY NIGHT.



BUT, HATTIE, HIS DOG DISAPPEARED WITH HIM. THEN YOU BELIEVE THE POOL IS HAUNTED - WHAT'S THAT?





IT'S-IT'S THE GHOST OF LEEDS! HE'S COMING OUT OF THE POOL!

DON'T BE AFRAID, HATTIE, JUST WATCH WHAT HE DOES.

HE'S COMING TOWARD US. I-I THINK HE'S GOING TO SPEAK TO US.

HUSH, HE'S POINTING WITH HIS CANE-LISTEN.



MY HOUSE-LOOK!

MERCY, MR. MURDOCH, HE'S TELLING US TO LOOK AT HIS HOUSE-GOOD HEAVENS-IT'S ON FIRE!



THEY SPOTTED IT... MIGHT GET THERE IN TIME TO SPOIL EVERYTHING. I'VE GOT TO DELAY THEM SOMEHOW!



MOM-DON'T GO IN THERE-DON'T LET MURDOCH GO-IT'S GOING TO COLLAPSE-YOU'LL BE KILLED!

AS AHEAD, IN AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM...

MUST HAVE HAD A LONG SLEEP-BUT I STILL FEEL TIRED. WONDER WHY I WOKE UP-WHY, THE ROOM'S FULL OF SMOKE... IT'S ON FIRE-HELP!



THE WINDOW OF HER ROOM WAS SMASHED. I COULD HEAR HER SCREAMS. BUT THE FLAMES WERE SPREADING... IF I COULD STOP MURDOCH, IT WOULD BE TOO LATE, FOR HIM TO HELP. SO...

IT'S A FIRE-TRAP... IT'S SUICIDE TO GO IN THERE. STAND BACK, I WON'T LET YOU!

CECIL'S RIGHT, MR. MURDOCH. THE WHOLE DOWNSTAIRS IS A SEA OF FLAME!

GET OUT OF MY WAY. I'M GOING TO CLIMB UP TO HER WINDOW—YOU CAN'T STOP ME!



AS...

I'M ALL AFIRE! PLEASE HELP ME—PLEASE!



DON'T JUMP! I'LL BE THERE IN A SECOND!

WHEW— JUST MISSED ME... POOR GIRL— SHE'S DOOMED!

IT WORKED... IT WORKED. SHE'S DEAD— HER FACE BURNED AND UNRECOGNIZABLE. WE'RE IN THE MONEY!

MERCY ME... MARCIA'S ALL AFIRE... THE BALCONY'S FALLING! IT WILL HIT MURDOCH!

HELP— HELP— OHHH!



SHE DIED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD. WE DRUG INTO HER TOOK CARE OF THAT. MOTHER WAS GRIEF-STRICKEN. AND MURDOCH LED HER TOWARD THE POOL WHERE...

DEAR MARCIA'S DEAD, MR. MURDOCH. I'M GOING TO MISS HER... WHY - LOOK THERE!

SHHH... IT'S HER GHOST, HATTIE. AND THERE'S MR. LEEDS COMING FROM THE POOL!

SAM! SAM! I'VE COME TO JOIN YOU, DARLING!

MARCIA MY WIFE! YOU'RE DEAD TOO?!

YES... AND THOUGH I WANTED TO LIVE - WE WILL BE HAPPY TOGETHER.

THEY'RE GONE! REUNITED IN DEATH.

YES, AND HAPPY, TOO. LISTEN - SOMEONE CALLING FROM THAT CAR!

HELLO THERE. WHY THE CROWD? - MY HOUSE BURNED! WHAT HAPPENED? - TELL ME, WHAT HAPPENED?

CECIL - WAS ANYONE KILLED? HOW DID IT HAPPEN? TELL ME!

MARCIA - YOU'RE ALIVE! WE - WE THOUGHT YOU WERE BURNED TO DEATH!

YES, DEAR, SOMEONE DID DIE IN THE FIRE. WHO COULD IT HAVE BEEN?

JENNIE, MY MAID, OH, THE POOR DEAR GIRL!

SO, SHE'S FOOLED MOM. THAT MEANS WE'RE SAFE!



So now everything was set. Miriam's face lifting job was perfect. No one questioned her - she was due to grab off Marcia's dough, but then Murdoch stuck his nose into the picture...

"MARCIA LEEDS RESIGNS FROM FILMS. WILL RETIRE TO HER RANCH IN ARIZONA." AND I SAW HER GHOST - THE GHOST OF A LIVING WOMAN. I THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE FURTHER...

I'LL GO BACK TO THE POOL. PERHAPS I CAN GET THAT APPARITION TO TALK TO ME.

MEANWHILE...

DON'T BE SUCH A SCARE-CAT, MIRIAM - WE'RE IN THE CLEAR.

CALL ME MARCIA - SOMEONE MIGHT HEAR YOU. WHY, LOOK... THERE'S A MAN COMING UP THE WALK.

IT'S MURDOCH. HE'S LOOKING AT THE POOL. HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

I WONDER IF THE GHOST WILL COME - YES - I HEAR THE DOG BARKING. THERE THEY ARE!



ARE YOU MARCIA LEEDS? QUICK, I MUST KNOW!

YES! THEY MURDERED ME - THEY'RE TRYING TO GET MY MONEY. BEHIND YOU - LOOK OUT!



WHAT - ?
OHHH!

THAT FINISHES YOUR SNOOPING DAYS, SUCKER!



I DON'T LIKE THIS, CECIL. HE MAKES THE THIRD ONE WE WILL HAVE KILLED. YOU'RE GOING TO HIDE THE BODY IN THE POOL?

YES, ALONG WITH MR. LEEDS AND HIS DOG. THERE- THE WATER'S DRAINED OUT.

LOOK- HE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS AFTER WE RAN HIM DOWN. HE DIED TRYING TO LIFT THE SLAB.

WHAT A HORRIBLE DEATH! SUPPOSE WE'RE CAUGHT, CECIL?

NOT A CHANCE! THERE'S NO ONE ELSE TO SUSPECT. AND YOU'VE LEARNED TO SIGN MARCIA'S SIGNATURE PERFECTLY. HERE- HELP ME.

HE'S STILL BREATHING. I'M AFRAID, CECIL- TERRIBLY AFRAID.

STOP IT! HE CAN'T ESCAPE WHEN WE'VE LOWERED THE SLAB AND REFILLED THE POOL. NOW DROP HIM!

AND NOW IT'S ALL FINISHED. WE'LL GRAB THE CAR AND CELEBRATE. AND NEXT YEAR, WE'LL TOUR THE WORLD!

THERE... IT'S A PERFECT TOMB. TURN ON THE WATER.

AS...
OHH... MY HEAD- I REMEMBER... THE GHOST WARNING ME- THEN SOMEONE HIT ME ON THE HEAD. WHY- A SKULL! I'M IN A GRAVE!

THEN IT WAS OVER... WE WERE SAFE! MARCIA LEEDS' DOUGH WAS AS GOOD AS OURS. BUT MIRIAM WAS STILL SCARED WHEN WE STARTED FOR TOWN...



I DON'T LIKE IT, CECIL. THIS IS WHERE WE RAN DOWN LEEDS AND HIS DOG JUST A YEAR AGO.

SURE... AND HID 'EM SAFELY UNDER THE POOL. AW, STOP WORRYING, MIRIAM. WE'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT.

I-I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT SOMEONE SAW US... AND EVEN NOW IS WATCHING—LOOK!



... AHEAD ON THE ROAD—THERE'S MARCIA AND SAM LEEDS!

STOP THE CAR, CECIL—STOP IT!

I KILLED THEM ONCE AND I'LL KILL 'EM AGAIN—I'LL RUN 'EM DOWN!

MEANWHILE...

I'M TRAPPED... CAN'T BUDGE THE SLAB. IF ONLY I HAD A ROCK OR SOMETHING HARD... AH... THE SKULL!



NO USE... CAN'T CRACK THE SLAB. AIR GETTING BAD... CAN HARDLY BREATHE. I'M—I'M GOING TO DIE!



AS... LET GO OF ME, MIRIAM. THEY AREN'T REAL... LET GO!

NO, CECIL, STOP THE CAR! I'LL MAKE YOU STOP IT!





LOOK OUT, CECIL!
YOU'VE HIT THE
RAILING—WE'RE
GOING OVER—
OH!!!



AS...

I'M GETTING
WEAKER...
SUFFOCATING—
THERE'S NO
CHANCE OF
BEING FOUND
HERE—**WHAT'S
THAT?**



THAT LATCH IN THE
CORNER, MR. MURDOCH—
PULL IT—**HURRY!**

LEEDS' GHOST
VOICE— HE'S
TRYING TO HELP
ME. AH... I SEE
IT!



THE SLAB'S
OPENING... I'LL
SWIM TO THE
SURFACE...
I'M SAVED!



WE'VE HAD OUR
REVENGE, MURDOCH,
AND YOU'RE FREE.
NOW WE GO TO
SHADOWLAND.



AND LATER...

SO... MIRIAM DIED
IN THE CRASH... AND
SOON I'LL DIE TOO.
WE WOULD HAVE
GOTTEN AWAY WITH
IT IF YOU HADN'T
INTERFERED, MURDOCH...
CURSE YOUR STINKIN'
SOUL!

NO, CECIL, I WAS
BUT AN INSTRUMENT
IN THE HANDS OF
THOSE YOU HAD
ALREADY KILLED.
YOU COULD NEVER
HAVE ESCAPED
THEM, CECIL...
NEVER!



HE'S DEAD, HATTIE.
AND IT'S FOR THE
BEST. THEY PLANNED
THE CRIME TOGETHER
AND SO PAID WITH
THEIR LIVES.

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